

Sick Love Song

Mötley Crüe

Wake me up in the morning glory
Can't get straight your lies and story
How do you mark your territory

When your trash becomes your treasure
Your immorals are my pleasure
Lose your mind and that's your lesure

Simply said, you're complicated
Understand you're overrated
More you talk the less you seem to say

We are miserable
You are drivin' me insane
This could be our sick love song
This could be your sign that things are going wrong
This could be our sick love song
Sick love song
Sick love song

Chew me up, like a meat grinder
You're cold-blooded like a sidewinder
I don't need another reminder

Can't understand normal thinkin'
Drive a sober man to drinkin'
In fact, you'll drive me straight to Hell

We are miserable
You are drivin' me insane
This could be our sick love song
This could be your sign that things are going wrong
This could be our sick love song
Sick love song
Sick love song

The more you inhale
The more that you breathe
The more that you make me want to scream

This could be our sick love song
This could be your sign that things are going wrong
This could be our sick love song
Sick love song
Sick love song

This could be our sick love song
This could be your reason not to get along
This could be our sick love song
Sick love song
Sick love song

Sick love song
Sick love song

Sick love song
Sick love song

Sick love song
Sick love song

Sick love song
Sick love song

Sick love song
Sick love song